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SONG.

All around and all above thee
Is the hushed and charmed air;
All things woo thee, all things love thee,
Maiden fair!
Gentle zephyrs perfume breathing,
Waft to thee their tribute sweet,
And for thee the Spring is wreathing
Garlands meet.
In their caverned, cool recesses,
Songs for thee the fountains frame;
Whatsoe'er the wave caresses
Lisps thy name:
Greener verdure, brighter Blossoms,
Whersoe'er thy footsteps stray,
O'er the earth's enamored bosom
Live alway.
Whersoe'er thy presence lingers,
Whersoe'er thy brightness beams,
Fancy weaves with cunning fingers,
Sweetest dreams:
And the heart forgets thee never,
Thy young beauty's one delight;
There it dwells, and dwells forever,
Ever bright.

Doddridge's Letter to his Wife.

"I hope my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am—what I hardly thought it possible, without a miricle, that I should have been—very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious for your return, or, indeed about any thing else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month in my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him, while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or perhaps weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse, with my friends at home, pleasant to visit those abroad, the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business, by which any good can be done: Pleasant to go out and preach the Gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, O! much, much more pleasant to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey thro' this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven. I cannot forbear, in these circumstances, pausing a little, and considering whence this happy scene, just at this time arises, and whither it tends. Whether God is about to bring upon me any peculiar trial, for which this is to prepare me; whether he is shortly about to remove me from earth, and so is giving me more sensible prelibations, to prepare me for it, or whether he intends to do some peculiar services by me just at this time, which many other circumstances lead me sometimes to hope; or whether it be that, in answer to your prayers, and in compassion to that distress which I must otherwise have felt in the absence and illness of her who has been so exceeding dear to me, and was never more sensibly dear to me than now, he is pleased to favor me with his reaching experience; in consequence of which I freely own I am less afraid than ever of any event that can possibly arise, consistent with his nearness to my heart, and the tokens of his paternal and covenant love. I will muse no further on the cause.—It is enough, the effect is so blessed.

The Mother's Last Lesson.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Will you please learn me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door, and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs L—— was very ill—indeed her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath—her lips were white—her eye was growing dull and glazed—and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the cold, attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's Holy Word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men, spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch, "Your dear mamma is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling aroused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and lay him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! How little did he realize then the irreparable loss which he was soon to sustain!

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, *never* forget it: "*When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord shall take me up.*'" The child repeated it two or three times, distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning, he sought, as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold—a corpse wrapped in the winding sheet, and ready for the grave.

That was her *last lesson*. He has never forgotten it, he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a *good* man, and now occupies a post of much honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him, without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced—the Lord has taken her darling up.

My little reader, if you have *God for your friend* you need *never, never* fear. Father and mother may forsake you, the world may seem to you like a dreary waste, full of thorns, and pit-falls, but He can bring you safely through trials, and give you a golden harp, and snowy robe, like those the justified wear in Heaven. He can even surround your death bed by angel visitants. "He is all powerful, an ever present help in time of trouble." Will you not then seek His friendship? This you can never gain unless you keep his commandments. "*If you love me,*" said the Saviour, "*keep my commandments.*" *Do you* keep these? Do you not only "abstain from evil," but from the slightest "appearance of evil?" These are solemn and soul-searching questions. If you are compelled by truth to answer them in the negative, will you not change your course and begin to-day to live for God? Perhaps some very little boy or girl may read this story of little Roger, and turn away from the reflections here at the close, saying, "I am too young to become a christian yet—by and by I will keep all of God's commandments, and be *very good* indeed." My little friend, you are not too young to die. Perhaps you may not live to fulfil your design of becoming a christian in some future hour. Better begin *now!* Trust me when I say to you, *you are not too young.* This world is a wide one, and it is full of wickedness. God has called it in the Bible, his vineyard, and he calls continually for laborers to come and work in it. Would you not like to work for a master, who will pay you with the gold of a happy heart in this world—yea, "in the life to come," will give you a place close to his great white throne, in that beautiful world, the glories of which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Or will you work for that wicked one, who will pay you with groans, and gnashing of teeth and "everlasting burnings?" Who will delight in making your path in this life full of bitter memories, and in the "life to come" terrible indeed! I am very earnest in this important matter, and I wish you to make a wise choice now; one that you will not regret having made, throughout the endless ages of eternity. You cannot be an idler, young though you may be. If you do not work *for God*, believe me you are working *for Satan*. What a fearful thought!

From Sartain's Magazine.

A younger brother of mine has recently returned from a six year's residence in Germany, having devoted this long period (after graduation at Yale) to the study of musical composition. Among his lighter productions are several songs, the *music* of which I think of singular originality and beauty, but the *words* of which are also from his own hand. These songs will appear in course of time from the press of Ditson (the Boston publisher of music who produced the "Glenmary Waltzes," written by my brother before his departure for Europe), but meantime, one of the songs, without the music, may perform for me, this needful duty of substitution.

One word as to the subject. In a recent excursion of my brother's to the wild scenery of the Taunus mountains in Germany, he visited a new and singular phenomenon of nature—a bright jet of mineral water which suddenly burst, during the last year, from the green-sward bosom of a remote valley, and which continues to rise, with a height varying from fifteen to twenty feet. This new-found up-spring of a hitherto concealed water of health, is an object of great curiosity in Germany, and the scenery around being very beautiful, it was a natural suggestion of music and poetry. The song runs thus:

N. P. Willis.

THE FOUNTAIN.—By Richard S. Willis.

Deep within a quiet valley,
Burst a fountain forth to light,
Burst, and sprang instinctive upward,
For its source was on the height.
But its bright and eager waters,
Left not far their crystal track,
Bonds invisible detained them,
And they fell exhausted back.
On that fountain's mossy margin,
Still, at eve, I sat reclin'd,
Listen'd to the fountain's music,
Wish'd I might its chain unbind!
Thought, tho' hands unseen extending,
Still drew back its silver rain,
Airy arms would soon receive it—
Soon as cloud 't would mount again.
In my bosom's quiet valley,
Bursts the font of life its sod,
Bursts, and strives instinctive upward,
For its lofty source is God.
But that striving spirit-fountain
Gains not far its upward track,
Bonds invisible detain it—
Oft it sinks exhausted back!
On that fountain's crystal margin,
Sits a spirit, still reclin'd,
Radiant now, with silver pinion,
But in soul, from earth refin'd!
Still the gentle spirit watches,
Waits till mine shall rend its chain,
While its pinion, half-unfolding,
Lures me still the height to gain!

The Drunkard's Wife.

BY JOHN J. ARMSTRONG.

Above all others woman has the highest personal interest in the success of the temperance cause, for upon none has the curse of intemperance fallen more heavily. The sanctuary of home, which she seems peculiarly fitted to adorn, is the field in which she must reap most of her earthly enjoyments.—How awful then must it be when that little sanctuary is invaded by the demon rum, and profaned by the drunkard's presence. 'Tis not the drunken husband, son or brother, who feels all the keen torments of such a home. No, it is the wife, mother, or sister who knows all the trials and affections that cluster there. Though the man drains the cup, still the dregs at the bottom are left for the woman. He can go into the world for companionship and comfort, she must find hers in solitude at home. The excitement furnished by public amusements and pleasure are open to him; but for her there is no relief save that found in tears at her own lonely hearthstone.

It is not alone from these circumstances that her keenest sorrows arise. Cold and hunger, poverty and sickness could be endured, if they were all; but there are others that she will tell you exceed these. It is the loss of the love and companionship of him who had promised to protect and defend her. To have the consciousness that he for whom she had left home, friends, and fortune, and around whose heart she had entwined the most sensitive feelings of her nature, was becoming a senseless brute.—Give her a companion whose feelings are not destroyed by rum, who has pure and warm affections, such as first won her from the parental roof—and she will patiently bear the loss of everything else.—But tear these off the domestic altar, and what has the world to give her for them? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The freshness of her heart will wither and die—she will mourn over her crushed hopes and blighted prospects, and life will be endured rather as a providential affliction than as the source of happiness. Such is the deplorable condition of woman when the blight of intemperance has swept o'er her home, and

"Chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife."

Effect of Gentleness. Burke wrote as follows to his captious friend Barry, while studying his art at Rome: "That you have just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill-dispositions of the world are to be combated and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations; in snarling and scoffing with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own."

Our Female Astronomer.

The medal received from the King of Denmark, and awarded to Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, for the first discovery of a Telescopic Comet on the 1st of October 1847, is of pure gold, over two ounces in weight. On one side is the head of the present King of Denmark, with the simple inscription, "Christianus VIII, Rex Daniæ."

On the reverse is the figure of Urania, the muse of astronomy, as depicted in ancient works of art. She is in a sitting posture, and holds a globe in the left hand, and a stylus pointing to a section of it in the right. Underneath the figure is the inscription:

"Cometa visus, 1st. oct. 1847."

while surrounding it is the following appropriate line from Virgil's Georgics:

"Non frustro signorum obitus speculamur et ortus."

Not in vain we contemplate the rising and setting of the constellations.

On the edge of the medal is the name of the discoverer "Maria Mitchell." The dies are exquisitely cut, and the whole execution of the medal is chaste and artistical.

Miss Mitchell is the Cashier of the Pacific Bank at Nantucket, she is quite young, not over twenty-four or five, and possesses remarkable talents for mathematics; her father has also distinguished himself by his astronomical observations.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

The Shepherd's Sunday Song.

(Altered from the German of Uhland.)

This is the day of God:
Alone am I on the wide plain—
One sound of morning bell again,
Then silence reigns abroad.
In worship here I kneel—
Mysterious breathing, and sweet dread,
As many, unseen, round my head
With me communion feel.
The heavens, far and near,
In solemn stillness seem to ope,
And, borne on high by faith and hope,
The angel voice I hear.

C. E. B.

The Moss Rose.—The angel of the flowers, who distils upon them the sweet and cooling night dews, and awakens them to the quickening vigor of the sun-ray, was sleeping one day in the shade of a rose-bush. And when he awoke, spake he to the rose, with a joy-beaming countenance—"Loveliest of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing redolence and cool shade. Hast thou any boon to ask, any thing still to desire, most willingly shall it be granted."—"Then bestow upon me a new charm," modestly asked the spirit of the rose-bush. And the angel of the flowers decked her, the fairest, with a bed of moss. Lovely stands she there, in her modest ornament, the most beautiful of her kind.—*Kremacher.*

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago I happened to be one of the referees in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff who was captain of a ship which traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in her character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence and found her only comfort in the society of the children and the hopes of his return. But month after month passed away and he came not, nor did any letters, those also sufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband; and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on a humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her; and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her most extreme beauty, he endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months he offered his hand and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could procure.

Fifteen years passed away, the daughters married, and by their step father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they hardly quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of over thirty years, during which time no tidings had arrived from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with other transient visits on shore, while taking or discharging cargoes, having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave-trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct, he was certainly any thing but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a mad-man when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who has always to be found crawling about the halls of justice advised him to bring a suit against the second husband; assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of insinuating a claim for a wife whom death had released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed to by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in Spring, when we met to hear the singular case.—The sunlight streamed through the dusky windows of the court-room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant—while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of the adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client and had we not been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment for the *principal witness.*

We had scarcely finished the section, which fully decided the matter in our minds when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, discovered to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect it as well as if it happened yesterday. How simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present.—Turning to the plaintiff, Mr Burr asked, in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

Answer—"I do."

Burr.—"Will you swear to that?"

Ans.—"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief, she is my daughter."

Burr.—"Can you swear to her identity?"

Ans.—"I can."

Burr.—"What is her age?"

Ans.—"She was 30 years old on the 20th day of April."

Burr.—"When did you last see her?"

Ans.—"At her own house, about a fortnight since."

Burr.—"When did you see her previous to that meeting."

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was,

"On the 14th day of May, 17——."

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts, the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife and the utterest scorn for the mean pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men.—Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask which of these two has been to her a father.

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent which had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied:

"My first recollections are of a small ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employers and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of the anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our support was only a bit of dry bread: and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal.—Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father." She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as she spoke: "You are not my father," exclaimed she vehemently. "What, call you my father,—you who basely left your wife to toil and your children to beggary? Never! never! Behold there my father," pointing to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is the man who claims my affection and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was at the trial.

Royal Family.

Charles X., when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace, while a peasant from Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter encouraged by the gayety and playfulness of the young count, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and, to amuse him told him a number of diverting stories, and anecdotes of his province. The prince, with all the ingenuousness of childhood, expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labor he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood.

"Aye!" said the man, "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed."

"Well then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes,—"you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me some pocket-money, for which after all I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money, and give it to your wife and children; but be sure not to mention a word of the matter to a living soul, or you will be finely scolded."

On leaving the apartment, the honest dependant acquainted the governor of the young prince with the conversation that had taken place. The latter, after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret; adding that he should have no cause to repent of his discretion.—At the end of the month the young Count d'Artois received his allowance as usual, and watching the moment when he was unobserved, hastily slipped the whole sum into the hands of his *protege.*

On the same evening a child's lottery was proposed, for the amusement of the young princes, by the governor, who had purposely distributed among the prizes such objects as were most likely to tempt a boy of the Count's age. Each of his brothers eagerly hazarded his little store; but the Count d'Artois kept aloof from his favorite amusement.

The governor feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason of this unusual proceeding: still no answer from the Count. One of the princes, his brother, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young Count so hard, that, in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed—"This may be very well for you; but what would you do, if, like me, you had a wife and five children to support?"

Capital Punishment.—"Does not your scriptural doctrine of eternal punishment have a practical result which should not only vastly outweigh all the proof-texts in favor of the death penalty, but also directly implicate you to support its abolition? For if you believe that eternal punishment inevitably follows the commission of cardinal sins this side of death, are you ready to take the responsibility of consigning a man to such a doom by killing him?—Does not this very belief of yours bind you to offer means of grace to the criminal, and to make his punishment reformatory until his natural death shall deliver him to the merited justice or mercy of his God? It is not enough to say, the law must have its course, even if hell itself be the additional retribution. We have no right, of our own free agency, to consign a criminal to this extra-judicial appendix.—But if we abolish the death-penalty, the law may have its course at the same time that the criminal may be redeemed."

An Infallible Cure for Cholera.—Take three table spoons full of castor oil, three table spoons full of the best French brandy, and forty drops of laudanum, mixed well together, and let the patient drink it off. The body must then be rubbed over with brandy and a hot flannel cloth. Should the condition of the patient not improve within one hour, and the nails of the fingers begin to get black, administer one table spoonful of castor oil, one of French brandy and ten drops of laudanum. This generally throws the sufferer into a profound sleep, from which he will awaken perfectly well. This treatment has been found most effectual in India, where cholera first appeared, and thousands of persons were cured by this very simple remedy.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Industry.—"There is more pleasure in sweating an hour than yawning a century."

From the Vermont Patriot.

Number 2.

I now proceed to inquire whether the democrats of the free states, and especially of Vermont, have any bond of union with the South and with Slavery? I hold that if any such bond ever existed, it is dissolved and that by the acts of the South. It is not to be disguised that any party which exists in the North and South, as one party, acting under a common organization and maintaining an united front, has from the very nature of the case, got, at least, to assume an attitude of opposition to anti-slavery movements; on this question of slavery the South are united. *That* swallows up all other considerations. It is the paramount interest. Everything else must yield to it. Slaveholders will not brook anti-slavery sentiments or anti-slavery action in any candidate, in whose nomination they have a voice, if the office to which he is nominated can wield any important influence against slavery. That institution is their greatest household god. It must be inviolate.

It is also true that the South have furnished, in times past, a strong support to the leading measures of the democratic party. But so far as the democracy of the North were concerned, that support has been obtained at the expense of subserviency, to a greater or less extent, to the demands and exactions of slavery. The sympathies of the great democratic heart of the free states, with anti-slavery efforts have been kept down, by the inexorable demands of the slaveholders, who have supported democratic measures—would fraternize with the democracy of the North in their support—but it was only upon the condition that the democratic party should stand guard against the inroads of anti-slavery sentiment and measures. And so strong was the democratic feeling to carry forward and sustain the favorite measures of that party, that they yielded, though reluctantly, to the demands of the South in regard to slavery. They yielded almost everything on that point. The South were not satisfied with the position the party assumed, in and out of Congress, but they demanded that the administration should be in the hands of democratic slaveholders. The power must be under the control of the slave interest. The domineering, not to say insolence, of the slaveholding portion of the party became so open and offensive, that the democrats of the free states, began long since to grow restive under it. The treatment of Mr Van Buren in 1844, came near producing an open rupture; but they yielded, for the sake of harmony and success, & gave up the reins to the slaveholding majority. The darling scheme of that minority, at that time, was the annexation of Texas.—Though that measure was repudiated as a democratic measure by many of the ablest and best men of the democratic party of the North, they forced it upon the party, unjust and offensive as it was to the feelings of the great mass of voters in the free states.

The consequence of the annexation of Texas was the war with Mexico—and the consequence of the war with Mexico was, that the United States became the proprietors of the immense domain, included in New Mexico and California. I am now dealing only with facts; I do not stop to inquire whether the annexation and the war were justifiable acts, on the part of the United States, by the law of nations or not. My own opinion is, that they were. But whether they were or not, the consequences upon the nation and upon the democratic party were the same. That they both grew out of the influence of slavery in the politics and policy of the nation, I have no doubt. New Mexico and California having been ceded to the United States, and become a part of their property, and subject to the legislative control of Congress, the ever watchful and grasping and imperious spirit of slavery, manifested itself immediately in the claims it made that Congress, in its legislative control over these Territories, should stop short of prohibiting the introduction and existence of slavery there. The champions of the slave power immediately claimed that slavery was a great national interest as much as freedom was; and that it had the same right to plant itself in this newly acquired domain and establish there its own 'peculiar' laws, as freedom had. It did not make the demand idly. It at once set about the accomplishment of the purpose of bringing the nation to an acquiescence in this claim and to an acknowledgment of its rightfulness. This object must be gained, not by an honest and fair submission of the question to Congress, as the appropriate tribunal to decide the matter and settle it definitely, but by making the influence of the great slave interest felt in moulding the politics of the different political parties to its wishes. - - - The leading political influences in the democratic party at the South, were, without delay, brought to bear upon this question. The political conventions of the South assumed the strange and ultra ground "*under no political necessity*" would they support any candidate for President or Vice President who sanctioned the doctrines of the Wilmot Proviso. Not only the conventions of the *extreme* South assumed this attitude, but even Virginia, the 'mother of Presidents'—the defender of the old republican faith—Virginia, rich in the fame of her great apostles of democracy and liberty and having in her bosom the grave of Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence and the Ordinance of 1787, on both of which freedom blazed in lines of light—even Virginia, stood in the van of this crusade against liberty; and demanded of the free democrats of the north that they should support no man for President who did not distinctly repudiate the well established doctrine that Congress had the power to exclude slavery from the new terrtories and that Congress ought immediately to exercise that power. The South having assumed this attitude, those in the democratic ranks who aspired to the presidency, saw at once that they must "worship or die,"—that the presidency was to be reached only by passing the ordeal which slavery had erected in the presidential path. To an ambitious man this was presenting a fearful alternative. It was asking of the democracy of the North and its leading men, what the democracy of the South had no right to ask. It was a sort of robber demand of '*your integrity or your life*'—the making of which ought to have placed them without the pale of a fraternization and alliance with freemen. But the demand was unblushingly and imperiously made and pertinaciously insisted on, and the champions of the democracy of the North yielded to it! I say this more in sorrow than in anger. I repeat, it was a fearful alternative to place before an aspiring man. To yield to the requirement seemed to place the presidency in his grasp—to refuse to yield, to destroy all the cherished hopes and anticipations of his life, so far as this great prize was concerned.

This demand was made not only with regard to the democratic party and its leaders, but, also practically as to the whig party and its leaders, at the North. The slave power threw its whole gigantic strength into the political scale, to defeat the requirements of freedom. The eminent whig statesman of the West, who had been the idol of that party for years and whose name had been the rallying word in their ranks through almost all their stern conflicts with the democracy, was suspected of having some aspirations for freedom at the expense of slavery and to be willing that an immense territory uncursed by the presence and influence of slavery, should remain free from its blight and bondage. How well founded were their suspicions, subsequent events have shown, much to the honor and future fame of him to whom I allude. The triumph of the slave power in the whig party, in the rejection of Henry Clay as its candidate, and the nomination of the great Louisiana slave-holder, Zachary Taylor, whose nomination has been pronounced by most competent whig authority, "not fit to be made," was most complete. It was, by far, more signal, than the one achieved at Baltimore. It was successful in both.

That Gen. Cass published his Nicholson letter, in order to conform his opinions publicly, so far to the requirements of the slaveholding democrats, as to meet the test of qualification they had set up, it is idle to deny. That he *did so*, and that the great body of the democracy of the North accepted of his nomination after that declaration of sentiment, and faithfully supported him under most discouraging circumstances, only renders more infamous the treachery and desertion of him by the Southern democrats. Notwithstanding all he did to satisfy their unwarrantable demands on the slave question, and notwithstanding all their professions of attachment to the democratic measures of national policy, they suffered him to be defeated and those measures of national policy to be hazarded, by voting for the slaveholder's candidate, in sufficient numbers to turn the scale in his favor. Slavery was the paramount interest with them. They yielded every thing else to that. They made no account of the sacrifices of Gen. Cass and the Northern democracy, and gave them up to inglorious defeat. They practically said to their old associates of the North, if you act with us, hereafter, it must be on the basis that slavery is to be the highest interest to be looked after—that no man can be President unless a slaveholder—that slavery must be perpetuated wherever it exists, and must be extended wherever we wish to extend it—that, in short, the democratic policy must be a policy wholly in subserviency to the claims of slavery?

This conduct and these demands on the part of the South, have absolved the democracy of the free states from all obligation to make any more concessions to their former brethren of the South, and have forced them to look for and seek the supremacy and salvation of the time-honored principles and measures of Jeffersonian democracy, among the freemen of the non-slaveholding states. They have made sacrifices to the wishes and claims of their slaveholding brethren of the South, for the sake of preserving the ascendancy of their favorite and cherished measures of national policy, in vain. Those sacrifices have not saved them and their cause from defeat, *because slaveholding democrats preferred the election of a slaveholder not of their party, to the success of their own party under a candidate from the free states!* They have deliberately sundered the band which bound the democracy of the North and South together, and now the democrats of the free states will look to the freemen of the North and West, to carry forward true democratic measures on the basis of no more increase of slavery—the annihilation of it wherever congress has the constitutional power over it—and the administration of the government in accordance with the old Jeffersonian principles and policy.

Is this not, most clearly, Mr Editor, the position which the democrats of the free states must occupy, if they would save their cause from irretrievable ruin? By assuming this position are they not sure to achieve a signal and enduring triumph? Will they not, in this way, put the ship of state on the true "republican tack?" Is there any thing to hinder the Union of all the opponents to the present slaveholding whig administration, on this ground, under this banner of Free Democracy? Democracy in its just and most beneficent sense? Democracy carried out, not only in relation to slavery, but to all other questions of natural and State policy?

We will consider this important inquiry in our next.

A Jeffersonian Democrat.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Major General Worth.

Worth has been compared, and not unjustly, to Murat. His handsome person and his dashing courage forcibly recalled to mind, during the war with Mexico, the Roland of Napoleon's army. Few American officers participated in so many battles as Worth; none, perhaps, in such brilliant and numerous victories. Prominently distinguished in the war of 1812—then in that of Florida—then under Taylor at Monterey—and finally in the campaign against the city of Mexico, he ran a career alike unate and brilliant, and one in which glory and promotion followed hand in hand. But alas! just when the war is over, and the time has come for him to repose on his laurels, he is cut off by an ignoble disease, in a paltry frontier town. Such is human life. Such is the end of earthly glory.

Worth claims descent from one of the earliest Puritan settlers. He was born in 1794, received a plain but substantial education, and began life as a trader's clerk in Hudson, N. Y. When the war of 1812 broke out, he entered the army as a private, but did not remain long in the ranks. A fellow clerk who had enlisted with him, having been placed under arrest for some indiscretion, applied to Worth for advice, who undertook to write a petition for the delinquent, to the colonel of the regiment. This officer happened to be Scott. Struck by the style and penmanship of the petition, he inquired the name of the writer, and in the interview that followed, was so pleased with Worth's manners, and soldierly and handsome person, that he appointed him his private Secretary. Scott did not stop here. He procured for Worth a commission as lieutenant in the twenty-third regiment; and the merits of the young subaltern, joined to some good fortune, did the rest for his advancement. Worth rose rapidly, indeed, during the war of 1812. At Chippewa he distinguished himself so highly that he was brevetted a captain; at Lundy's Lane he won the rank of major, and if peace had not been declared immediately afterwards, he would doubtless have advanced still farther.

After the peace Worth was, for some time, superintendent of the West Point Military Academy. In 1821, after the retirement of Gen. Armistead, Worth succeeded to the chief command in Florida, where he had been serving, as second in rank, for about a year. Ambitious of distinction, he sought every opportunity to bring the Indians to action, and though often disappointed finally succeeded. In recompense for his gallantry on this occasion Worth was brevetted a brigadier-general.

When a war with Mexico became probable, he was despatched to Corpus Christi, to join Taylor; and remained with the General until just before the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. The cause of his leaving camp, as is well known, was a difference between him and Twiggs, growing out of his brevet rank. He hastened to Washington, intending to resign; but the war altered his decision, and cancelling his resignation he hurried back to the army.

Taylor, sympathizing with the feelings of Worth, who could not forgive himself for having missed the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, assigned to him, at Monterey, the task of carrying the hights on the Saltillo road, with one division of the army, while, with the other, the commander-in-chief advanced against the town from the Serralvo road.—This was, in fact, giving Worth an independent command—for, after once separating, it was found impossible to keep up the communications between the two divisions of the army.

Worth carried, in succession, the various forts commanding the Saltillo road—stormed the bishop's palace which overlooked the town—and pushing forward through the suburbs, entered the streets, throwing shot and shells, and carrying terror and dismay before him. He was within a short distance of the great square, when the town capitulated to Taylor, penetrating to the plaza from the other side.—For his exploits at Monterey, Worth was breveted a major general.

His next great exploit was at Molino del Rey, where he carried the almost impregnable works of the enemy, after a tremendous struggle, in which more lives were lost, in proportion to the numbers engaged, than in any action of the war.

Worth also fought with distinction at Cerro Gordo, at Churubusco, and at the storming of the gates of Mexico.

He was, perhaps, after Taylor and Scott, the most efficient—certainly the most popular—of the generals in the war with Mexico.

The character of Worth may be sketched in few words. He was brave to a fault, sufficiently good as a tactician, chivalrous, of popular manners, of imposing presence, haughty, at times overbearing, impetuous, warm hearted, a fast friend—in many respects he resembled Decatur. In battle, especially where daring courage was required, he had no superior. His soldiers still tell, with enthusiasm, that at Monterey he dismounted from his horse, placed his plumed hat on the point of his sword, and waving it high, led them to storm the Bishop's Castle."